WAKING DREAMS.

Between mine eyelids and mine eyes, Like red and satin poppy leaves, Lie soft the dreams of Paradise. They linger when my spirit grieves; They quench the fever in my brain, And kiss my hopes to life again, Between mine eyelids and mine eyes.

Between mine eyelids and mine eyes. Like star-beams melting into peace, Drift on the visions out of skies Wherein eternal years increase; I lose my anchorage to earth, And feel the light of second birth Between mine eyelids and mine eyes.

Between mine eyelids and mine eyes, With love's bright mystery and grace, My precious friends without disguise, With benedictions in each face, Walk slowly midst the trees and flowers, Or sleep within the garden bowers— Between mine eyelids and mine eyes.

Between mine eyelids and mine eyes A wandering spirit sweet as sleep Comes singing where the daylight dies; And tuneful founts of tears aleap Begem the path her footsteps trod; In hers my dim-eyed soul saw God, Between mine eyelids and mine eyes.

Between mine eyelids and mine eyes. I live and conquer, see and know, O let my spirit on this wise Along the trackless confines go! No other universe so sweet As this-forever bright, complete-Between mine eyelids and mine eyes Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus, in Chicago Saturday Evening Herald.



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CHAPTER X .- CONTINUED.

It was my final moment. Casting a quick look over the table for anything in the matter of writing that might be used as a pass, my eye spied the rolls of money which had been given me, but nothing else of service was in sight and there was not an instant to lose in investigation. Releasing Clinton, I sumped for the gold, swept it into my pocket, and seizing Scammell's cloak as I went, ran to the window, barely evading the grasp of Mrs. Badely, who made a bob at me and would have hung like a leech had she fastened to my clothing.

In less than a second I was over the rail. and, landing on the turf, took to my heels, pointing myself to the earthworks of the deserted "Oyster Battery," which had been erected by the Americans exactly in the rear of headquarters and on the edge of the Hud-

This battery, grass-grown, dismantled, and neglected as useless by the British, I knew would be no permanent cover, but its embankments made a temporary shield betwixt me and a possible shot from the house had my line of flight been discovered. It was a fair post for a minute's observation and reflection, and, bounding through an empty embrasure, I dodged down, and then raising my head above the edge of the works, looked back.

To my astonishment I was not at once pursued, though two or three figures appeared at the window I had gone through, to thank the day for my good fortune, as the Sabbath was a time for general relaxation and were it not for that my chances would have been next to naught. Few soldiers were about, a corporal's guard only being before the house when I entered it, but that there would soon be wild confusion and a general turning out I had small doubts.

The banks of the Hudson at this point terminated in a steep bluff, at the bottom of which was a narrow strip of beach. Once on the sands, I might run along screened from those at a distance, but could easily be headed and captured like a fish in a purse net. I took the risk, however, and sliding down the steep, sped northward for some ways, coming to the top undiscovered and at the edge of the burned district.

Into this wilderness of destruction I plunged, but soon slackened my pace to a walk to avoid marked observation from those who inhabited the shanties abound ing throughout the ruins. I was fairly safe for the present, and decided there to halt and take stock in myself and circumstances, especially as I had no definite plans before

It came to me that I was now doubly damned-first, as a spy; second, for doing violence to the person of the highest functionary in America. I was without means of escape from the city, and entirely unarmed I would be hunted like a wolf, and with less mercy from one quarter at least. In short, though I was then breathing free air, I was in desperate straits, and, being so, it took little reflection to see the necessity for act-

ing like a desperate man. I came, then, to this decision: I would attempt a return to the tavern, recover my arms and the paper of instructions, the last of which might at least add weight to my assumed character and help me in forcing my way through the lines-a move that had be come imperative, and might be successful if I acted with dispatch. Then to the Dove I would go, and throw myself under the protection of Stryker, whom, I had reason to believe, was one of the true men secretly

helping the patriot cause Of the brave girl to whom I had sacrificed the pass (an act I did not for a mo-ment regret) I thought much. Like me, she was marked for destruction; like me, she had now two virulent enemies, for I could not help believing that Mrs. Badely was at the bottom of Clinton's desire to remove her from a field which threatened the social supremacy and interests of that lady. I won-Gered how she had fared and in what direc-

tion she had fled. But I was in no position for long wonderment. Rising from my seat, I waiked on until I had reached a point opposite King street, then coming out into the Broadway, crossed it and got myself to the rear of the tavern. The man who interfered with me now would be past praying for, but to my surprise I met with no opposition on passing through the kitchen and bounding up the back stairs, marking only the frightened looks of the two women who were cooking.

In a moment I gained my room. It was in a terrible state of confusion. Bloody bedclothes strewed the floor, the mattress was ripped open, blood was upon the table (doubtless Scammell had been laid thereon), and the dust of plaster covered every- bacco, for I heard him spit forth a quid. thing. Scammell himself was gone, and ikewise was gone the paper I had counted My arms, however, were unmolested. Wer, had any of my personal property been nerves into my right arm and struck ou

taken from the room. I felt new strength | as I fastened on my sword and stuffed the pistols in my belt, and, taking my rifle, I went out, the way I had gone in, and still

without opposition. And still without opposition or interrup tion I regained the burned district. It had been a miracle, but I was now no better off than before, save that I was armed and commanded the lives of at least three men when the attempt should be made to take

I was aware that the wilderness of blackened walls and charred timber, which seemed such a haven at present, would be about the first region over which an organized search would be prosecuted. The very unlikelihood of my returning to the tavern had made it possible for me to enter, regain my arms and leave unmolested, while the darkest holes of the city would be thoroughly scoured, and that at once. To burrow into a crevice in this field of desolation might be possible, but it would end in starvation and final discovery. To disguise myself was not possible, nor, had I the means, would it have availed me much, as my unusual size would have made disguise of little more than temporary benefit. My line of flight, which might easily be traced along the sands of the strip of beach, pointed plainly toward the region which I was now traversing, and to remain in its vicinity was tantamount to placing myself within easy reach of my pursuers. I had but one expedient, and that to elude capture until nightfall by placing myself where there was the least liability of search, and, under cover of darkness, boldly attempting to force the lines at a spot remote from the regular roads of travel.

To this end I bethought me of taking to water, and by swimming outflank the defenses; but I soon realized that the banks of either river would be doubly guarded by sentinels and patrol boats, though, aside from the risk, I gave over the idea, as the attempt would necessitate my complete dis-

Turning northward, therefore, I kept within the limits of the black desolation until I reached its upper termination. Leaving t behind, I cut through the grounds of King's college, walking with apparent care lessness, then on to the hospital, through its confines, and still onward over a garden or two and a field until I had arrived at the dge of Lispenard's Meadows.

I dared not trust myself to its broad open; I could have been too easily marked from a istance, so I turned me toward the Hudon, keeping the while close to the shrubbery which defined the meadow's limits, and finally took refuge under a chestnut tree, though ere long I was up it and as far toward ts top as I durst venture.

Years after I looked in vain for this tree, but it had fallen under the ax, as fell all the heavy timber on the island during the terrible winter of 1789.

I was now wet through. The cloak I had continued to wear to prevent easy identilication, together with the reeking weather and the showers of water which had poured from the wet leaves, had saturated ne, and I was anything save comfortable as I sat astride a bough and waited for the day

It was something after five o'clock, but as yet I had discovered no signs of pursuit in my direction. To beguile the time, I reloaded my rifle and pistols, though I laid more reliance on my strength of arm and hardness of fist to overcome a single guard than I did on firearms. The great wet meadow stretched before me like a green sea, broken only by the clump of trees which was to have been my dueling ground on the morrow, and the sluggish brook taking its rise from the Collect, cutting in twain lengthwise and draining the plain which had once been a dangerous and pestilence-breeding mire. The thunderstorm had but the sky was yet heavily overcast, proinising a dark, wet night (which suited my purpose), and by the time the sun set and I swung myself from my lofty perch the rain was coming down, not in torrents, but with a steady drip-drop that told of a decided change of weather.

I had no preparations to make, nor from the point at which I had been hiding had I a long distance to go before coming to the line of defenses. This line was not a continuous embankment, but consisted of short breastworks and redoubts at no great distance apart, every foot of the intervening spaces being patrolled by sentinels. I had resolved to strike the line near its center, or about midway betwixt the Kingsbridge and Greenwich roads, and so walked straight over the meadows, crossing the brook as feeling my way up the rising ground of the

northern boundary of the great field. It was not yet dark, but through the gloom I soon made out that I was exactly in the rear of a redoubt. Retracing my steps, I worked eastward, then again headed north, and this time found myself at the end of a slight dip of the ground, with fortifications on the heights at either hand. The way between appeared unobstructed by military works, though what guard was there posted I could not guess, and as yet it

was too light to attempt the passage. Still protecting my primings, I threw myself on the sodden ground, and in this fashion lay waiting, while the minutes dragged and the half hour seemed length ened to an age. I say half hour, but it might have been more or less. There was no sound save the patter of the rain, the dismal chirrup of a forlorn tree toad, and an occasional hail of a guard. Finally, the gloom grew to dusk, the dusk to darkness, and that to pitchiness in the tree-shadowed passage which lay before me. And now I girded myself for the attempt, fully conscious that my life and death hung finely

I had first thought of crawling through the line like a snake, belly down, but the distance and nature of the ground made such a course impossible unless I was to take the whole night to it, and if discovered I would be taken at a disadvantage. Rising, therefore, I stepped behind a tree, slung my rifle across my back, and drew my cloak well about my sword, throwing back the garment in a manner that left my right arm free From this cover I slipped to another and another, and so onward until I found myself at what I thought to be the edge of a small clearing beyond, but I could neither see nor hear aught ahead, a fact causing me some perplexity. I was debating the feasibility of advancing boldly and risking an encounter, or staying until I could locate the sentinel I knew must be near, when to my right I caught the shadow of a man walking across my line of progress. Ae he came close I heard him humming a tune below his breath, and hoped he would pass on that I might step over his beat unnoticed. There was nothing white about me but my face, and I bent it low that it might not betray me. On he came until he reached the tree under which I was standing, and there halting, leaned his gan against the bole and put his hand into his pocket, presumably for to-

did not feel my presence I cannot guess. But | shaking a free foot could well be. I had cat-I was in a predicament, for should be turn | en but little during the day, and a man of | anything like that!-Puck. The ammunition had been swept from the I was lost. If I moved forward or back buy size and activity soon hungers, though shelf to the door in probable search for ward I was lost, but if I took matters into as yet my hunger had not become a serious treasmable documents (which search also my own hand, I might clear the barrier matter. I was drenching, without shelter accounted for the general disorder), but no with one blow, and with a sudden shifting and without prospect of shelter, and miles part of it was missing, nor, barring the pa- of my position I threw the weight of my from any possibility of a helping hand. To

My fist took the man fair in the temple. | culty from which I shald not easily recover. I doubt if he ever knew what struck him, for he went down with no other sound than that occasioned by the fall of his body.

CHAPTER XI. THE DOVE TAVERN.

I had never before and have never since in cold blood struck violently an unarmed man. God knows I recoiled as I felt the plates of this fellow's skull give beneath my fist, and, though I knew my act to be a righteous one, and that had I been discovered I would have had a foot of cold steel in my vitals, I could not at once overcome the

feeling of having committed murder. Whether or not the man was a sentinel I could not tell. The shiftless way of leaning his gun against a tree and humming made me doubt it, but it mattered little-he was an obstacle whose removal was necessary. I was fairly sure there was more to overcome beyond, but resolved to try strategy in passing unless driven to open violence, and even then my fist should not be my mainstay. With my temper inflamed, it boded ill for the man who crossed me; with my pulses slow and even, it went against my grain to spill human blood, especially that of one doing his duty, and this fact alone would have made me a poor soldier for the ranks.

Now I unshipped my sword, drew my cloak about me, and walked on as openly as though I was an officer of "grand rounds." It was miserable going. In the darkness I seemed to find and stub every stone and shoot into as many brambles as might be discovered in a ten-acre wood lot. I passed unchallenged through the shallow ravine, and was, wondering if by chance I had already cleared the lines, when the works of an advanced redoubt rose against the dim sky, and at the same instant there came the ring of a musket and a voice called: "Halt! Who's there?

It was not my plan to halt, or answer either, for that matter. I had located the voice to the right, but could see no one, and was fairly sure that only the noise of my progress had been marked, and not myself Therefore I swung toward the left and hurried along as rapidly and silently as I could, soon having the pleasure of hearing the sentinel stumble across my trail some distance

I had now the redoubt to flank, and, as the woods had been cut down at its front as well as on either side, there was an open space for me to traverse. Here I lowered my dignity by getting on to all-fours, and, holding my plade betwixt my teeth, I crept slowly on ward, taking advantage of every stump and fallen tree as a post to halt and listen. these latter were none too frequent, and I used at least an hour in getting the few hundred feet which lay between the works and the abatis protecting them. Having gained the abatis, I rose and felt my way through the tangled branches of the felled timber, making a deal of noise I thought, but finally got past and into the woods be yond. These woods proved to be but a strip, and a narrow one at that, for I soon came to a road which served me only in showing my location, as I knew of one crossing from the Kingsbridge road to another leading to the

I was well satisfied with myself and my progress, considering that the worst was



"Get away-out of the window."

passed, but my pride underwent a sudden fall when, as I was putting my leg over the snake fence, a voice came out of the dark-

"Halt! Who goes there?" "A friend, but without countersign. Where are you?" I returned, easily, though I made a mighty start.

Then stay where you be, or I fire!" "Very good! Come to me," I answered, swinging myself back and retreating to a tree near by, and from that to another.

It gave me infinite relief to hear the tramp of a horse, and know the man was a mounted vidette, and in the course of a few seconds he went by me to where I had an swered him, though by then I had retreated along the line of the road and was 40 feet away. Halting his horse, he again challenged, but, on receiving no answer, fired his pistol into the woods and began cursing like

I knew there would be trouble now, and indeed, the echo of the shot had scarce died away when I heard galloping coming from either direction as his fellows hastened to join him. It would not do for me to linger in the vicinity, so I leaped the fence and crossed the highway above him, gaining the opposite timber just before another horse

man swept by toward the point of alarm. At this juncture I thanked my stars for three things: First, for the wet and black ness of the night; second, that the lines I had run were the third or inner lines, comparatively illy guarded and but nalf-manned, established to be used only in case of the fall of the outer defenses; and, third, that my present destination lay not beyond the next obstruction. I never would have dared attempt the passage of the "barrier gates," as they were called, a strong and continuous work across the neck of land be low Fort Washington; and even had this been possible, the outpost of the British army at Kingsbridge would have floored anything without a pass or wings. There, in the face of the army of Washington, now but a few miles distant, it would have be come almost a matter of creeping betwixt

the legs of the sentinels. I was not possessed with a great curiosity regarding the outcome of the trouble I had raised on the road, and got myself away from its locality as rapidly as was consistent with rough ground, thickly growing trees and underbrush and pitchy darkness. I felt I was safe at last, safe from immediate disaster, and then awoke to the fact that, save from being warm instead of cold, I was in about as He was within a pace of me, and why he miserable a position as any man unhurt and from any possibility of a helping hand. To stumble onward might land me in some diffiif her mask was on straight." -Tit-Bits.

I was now at a distance from the cross road, and knew not if I was bearing out of my line northward or toward one of the two great highways, to approach either of which

was fraught with the greatest danger. Therefore I determined to settle where I was until a glimmer of dawn should show me my way onward. I had no choice of spots and so sat me down on the stump I had but just fallen over, and, drawing my cloak about my head, emulated the extremest patience of Job, who, for all his troubles, had

never been beset as was 1. Not for an instant did I nod or cease my watchfulness through all the long hours. The rain, noted for its impartiality, seemed to belie the adage and focus on me as though I sat beneath a gargoyle. Toward daylight which came none too early, the hest had gone from my blood, and something the a chill took its place, and with the first eign of lividness in the clouds above I set out, more from an instinct toward flight than from any definite plan. The Dove was my destination, but it was only to be approached by night, and it was scarce an hour's walk from where I sat. Nothing could be gained by wandering aimlessly, yet such was the spirit of flight within me that even movement partook of the nature of safety, and the loadstone attracting me lay still to the northward. Toward the north, then. I turned.

The birds had begun to stir in their nests and twitter sleepily as I came to the edge of the woods and beheld the checker of farm fields and woodland from the elevation on which I was standing, a fine-drawn mist sc blurring the distance that it seemed in I went on, and by sunrise crossed the Minetta water, striking westward that I might get into the wilderness above Greenwich, reaching that almost primeval forest toward noon.

But it is useless to follow my old trail here. I did it years after with great satisfaction to myself, calling up a cloud of memories that brought back my lost youth, albeit it brought (as it does now) a mist before my eyes as well. Through that afternoon 1 wandered well toward Bloomingdale, and as the shadows fell, cut eastward near the old Apthorp mansion and across the wild land which lies a beautiful waste about the center of the island. (Now Central Park.)

I was now close to the Kingsbridge road again, and not half a mile from the Dove. The storm had cleared with the going down of the sun, leaving the air cool and pleasant, but, though I am a lover of nature and prone to mark the effect of storm and sunshine, I remember little of this evening save that it was a gorgeous one, with a moon, something less than half-grown, swimming in the sky like a cleft coin

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FELT OF A MAN-EATER.

The Thrilling Experience of a Blind Native of India with a Wild Tiger.

This is a story of a blind man who, unarmed, laid his hand upon a free tiger and lived, unburt, to tell the tale: lived to wish that he were dead. It is the most extraordinary adventure even in the thrilling annals of beastridden India.

The tiger was a man-eater of Mysore, for which the government had offered a reward of 500 rupees.

Many were his exploits. He would bound into a crowd of travelers on the high road and bear one of them away, or snatch the driver from the seat of a creaking bullock cart.

He would even enter villages and break into huts with great blows of his powerful paws and drag forth his

There was a poor Dher, a low-caste man, who was not allowed to live in the village, but dwelt with his wife and baby in a low but on its outskirts. He was poor, extremely poor, ard blind.

One night this man was waked by a strange shuffling, snuffling noise in the

Upon the nameless odors of an Indian interior two new smells impressed themselves. He knew what they meant

The man called; no voice answered. Night was as day in his sightless eyes. He crawled about the hut with a blind man's noiseless step, feeling his way with tremulous extended hand.

He neared the corner of the but where his wife lay, prone upon the floor, and stooped. Wrist deep his inquiring hand thrust itself into deep,

In a flash he knew; he had heard and smelled the tiger in his but; bad punched the great man-eater's ribs. He waited for death.

One startled instant the tiger waited. then bounded from the hut, quick to suspect danger in the blind man's apparently bold advance, leaving the man unscathed.

The Dher was left alone. Lower he stooped, until his hands rested upon the lifeless forms of his wife and child; were dabbled with the red blood that on books. Address gushed from their mangled bodies where the great brute's noiseless paw had fallen .- Wide World Magazine.

A Charitable Girl.

"Miss Cutting," began young Softleigh, "foh some time I-aw have been sewously thinking, doncher know, and as a wesult, I-aw have half a mind-" "Well," interrupted Miss Cutting,

"that is more than any of your ac quaintances credit you with, but I'll be real charitable and concede you that much; so pray say no more about it."-Chicago Daily News.

Levity.

Here the lecturer grew earnest. "I am convinced." he exclaimed. "that the woman who does her own cooking is more likely to find a place among the angels than the woman who doesn't."

Reformer-But don't you think that

Gave Herself Away.

glar was a woman

"When did they discover that the bur

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